

Poetry.

"THE LONG AGO."

The picture of an exquisite poem published in the "Long Ago" is a picture of a man who has been dead for a long time. The picture is a picture of a man who has been dead for a long time. The picture is a picture of a man who has been dead for a long time.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faithful rhythm, and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the eaves in the sheet—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a magical Isle in the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky, and a tropical clime,
And the June with the roses are staying.

And the name of this Isle is Long Ago;
And we bury our treasures there—
There's a late unsworn, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments also used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore,
By the image is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear thro' the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye, be that blessed Isle,
All the day of life lit with light;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "greenwood of soul be in sight."

Beautiful Thought.

Take the beautiful shell
From its home on the sea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.

So, take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth.

A Thrilling Adventure at Sea.

In April, 1829, when I was a boy of fifteen years, apprenticed on board the Glasgow ship, a large vessel for those days (eight hundred and fifty tons) I experienced the first horror of a very eventful life, and its memory has never left me.

I will describe it briefly, but truly, for every word is a fact.

We were chartered by the British Government to carry stores, etc., to her penal colony in New Zealand; and besides our cargo, had thirteen condemned Malay pirates, who had been sentenced to transportation for life. They were in charge of an English naval officer named McFee. They were all ironed hand and feet, besides chained to ringbolts in the deck; and so securely fastened that no one could get loose without a key.

Our crew, officers and all numbered twenty-eight souls, and was none too large to manage such a heavy craft.

We had fine weather when we left the Clyde, and it stayed with us until we were a good way south of Gibraltar. One afternoon, when looking at the prisoners under his charge, Lieutenant McFee thought he saw something wrong about the iron of one of them, and he reported it to Captain Wilson of our ship, and thought there had better be a close inspection of them. But Captain Wilson was a very easy-going man at all times; and supper being ready just then, he remarked that he guessed all was right, but he would have a look at them in the morning, for the satisfaction of McFee. Alas! for him there was no morning to come.

It was a clear, calm night; the moon at a full; not enough wind to fill the canvass, or give the ship storage way. Another boy, of about my own age, and myself were aloft, sitting in the slings of the foreyard, talking about home, when all at once we heard a rush of feet below us, and looking down on deck, we saw to our terror, the whole gang of Malays rushing up from below, free from their irons. They seized cut-throat razors, the cook's axe, iron belaying pins, everything which came handy, and rushed at the men of the watch on deck, striking them down without any mercy, but making no outcry. Mr. Bruce, the first victim, and in a few minutes—less time than it takes me to tell it—every man, except the man at the wheel, lay dead upon the deck, with their brains dashed out, or stabbed to death with their own sheath-knives.

We two boys clambered up into the top, where we lay on our faces, as still as death, looking on the horrible scene going on below. Another of the crew, named White, was asleep there, but we did not dare to wake him, for fear we should be discovered or overheard by the inhuman fiends below.

Captain Wilson, at this time, came out of the cabin, hearing an unusual noise, but was killed in an instant. The foremast now rushed down into the fore-cabin, where the labored watch was sleeping, and soon finished them.

By this time Lieut. McFee and the second mate, also the carpenter, who were in the cabin, found out what was going on; and closing and barricading the cabin-door, they got pistols from the arm-chest and commenced firing on every pirate they could see thro' the cabin skylights. At the first fire, three of the pirates, being close to them, fell dead; and in a minute or two, several more were badly wounded.

The pirates had now killed every man on deck except the helmsman at the wheel; and making a general rush at him, they knocked him down and threw him overboard.

While they were doing this, the

party in the cabin shot two more of them dead, and wounded the chief so badly with a boarding-pike, as he stood near the skylight, that his bowels actually gushed out. But he did not give up, but raved terribly because he could not get at them.

As the ship was in sight of land, they now thought of escape. They hoisted out the pinnace, and put a keg of water in; and into the boat all of the survivors, six in number, got, and dropped astern, making for the land as fast as they could row.

Finding the deck clear of all but the dead, the party from the cabin came out, and then we three in the mainmast went down. There we stood, all alive, as we supposed, of twenty-nine souls. But on going into the fore-cabin, we found two men yet alive, though terribly wounded, and shortly after a faint hail from forward under the bows was heard, and there we found the helmsman who had been thrown forwardboard, supposed by the pirates to be dead. He had only been stunned, and had come to when he fell into the water; and, swimming forward, had not been seen by the pirates when they left the ship.

We were terribly short-handed now; but we managed to get into Lisbon with the ship, and while lying there, we had the satisfaction of seeing the pirates who had left the ship, brought in by a British man-of-war which had been cruising close in under the land, and had seen them before they got their convicts' clothes off, or the iron bolts which their waist-chain had been fastened.

We soon afterward had the pleasure of seeing them swing at the yard arm, for the double crime of murder and piracy; and I never enjoyed a sight more, though I have a horror of seeing death by violence at any time.

Many years since, over almost every known sea, commanded and commanded, have I sailed; but never have I met with an adventure which elings to my memory like that which I have narrated.

Three Jolly Husbands.

Three jolly husbands out in the country, by the names of Tim Watson, Joe Brown, and Bizl Walker, sat late one evening drinking at the village tavern, until, being pretty well corned, they agreed that each one, on returning home, should do the first thing that his wife told him, in default of which he should the next morning pay the bill. They separated for the night, engaging to meet again the next morning, and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as they related to the bill.

The next morning Walker and Brown were early at their posts, but it was some time before Watson made his appearance. Walker began first. "You see, when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire gave but a glimmer of light, I came near walking into a pot of batter that the pan-cakes were to be made of in the morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor, said to me, sarcastically:

"Bill, do you put your foot in the batter?"

"Just as you say, Maggy," said I, "and without the least hesitation I put my foot in the batter, and then went to bed."

Next, Joe Brown told his story:

"My wife had already retired in our usual sleeping room, which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar; not being able to navigate perfectly you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the house furniture, and my wife in no very pleasant tone, bawled out:

"Do break the porridge pot!"

"No sooner said that than, I seized hold of the bale of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jump broke it into a hundred pieces. After this exploit I retired to rest, and got a certain lecture all night for my pains."

It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very long face, as follows:

"My wife gave me the most unkindly command in the world; for I was blundering up stairs in the dark, when she cries out:

"Do break your neck—do Tim!"

"I'll be cursed if I do, Kate," said I, as I gathered myself up, I'll sooner pay the bill."

"And so, landlord here's the cash for you, and this is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of my wife."

A LAUGHABLE SCENE.—GETTING ABOARD IN A HURRY.—The New List bon Buckeye State writes up, in the following graphic style, a little incident that occurred at the Salem railroad depot a few mornings since. A traveler, bound for Cincinnati, where he had business of importance to transact, and rested over night, with his wife at the Broadway Hotel, in order to be sure to hit the morning train, which leave at an early hour. In the morning the traveler was sleeping. His lady had arisen, dressed herself, and gone down to breakfast, expecting her lord to follow immediately. While eating hastily and scolding mentally, in view of the husband's tardiness, she heard the whistle of the locomotive. Rushing frantically up stairs, her horror may be imagined when on opening the bedroom door, a snore from the conjugal sluggard saluted her ear.

A slight scream and a rough shake awoke him. He heard the whistle. Pulling on his boots, he hastily gathered in his arms the rest of his attire, and pushing the lady before him, put for the train at a two-forty gait, dressed only in boots and shirt! The train reached the depot. Throwing all but his shirt upon the platform, the lady hurriedly sought to obtain tickets at the office, while the husband proceeded to clothe himself with his No. 1 garment. While it was

yet fluttering over his head, the whistle again sounded maliciously, and off started the train. The unfortunate creature entered the car, his flesh having a pimpled goose-like appearance, while his blushing lady, spreading out her crinoline like the sacred veil of clarity, converted herself into a screen, that his nakedness might be hid from his fellow travelers. The other female passenger, putting her hand over her eyes, with her fingers spread wide apart, declared, before turning her head in another direction, that "it was shocking!" And so, we suppose, it must have been to the unlucky wight who had to make such a spectacle of himself.

Didn't Like Fighting.

It was always clear to the Southern mind that the negro had no desire to fight on either side, whether for or against his liberty, and this fact is somewhat strikingly illustrated in the following anecdote, related by the Savannah News and Herald, which was given by a faithful Virginian servant of an officer in the Confederate army. Shortly after the news had reached the camp in North Carolina, that the Confederate Government contemplated putting the blacks into service, the object was frequently discussed among the negroes around the camp fires:

"If you wince to list, Thornton?" asked a spirited darkey of a stout old fellow, who had followed his master through the war.

"No," replied Thornton, "I don't want nuffin to do with fightin'. Nigger got no business with musket."

"But," inquired the other, who pretended to favor the idea, "what you willin' to help to lick the nabsel, stinkin' Yankees, what our folks make tassel so fast? Ain't you gin' er?"

"Yes, I is 'posed to them, but de way to help to whip dem varmint is, for de nigger to use his hoe. He knows what to do wid dat, but don't wid de musket!"

"Oh, Thornton, you don't want to fight no war?"

"Dat's de fact—what nigger got to fight 'bout?" De white man, de Yankee and de Federate, is two dogs fightin' for a bone. Nigger is de bone. You see dogs fight bone, but niggers fight de war."

"Dat's de fact," said the other; "den, if de bone don't, he gits mighty bad chawed sometimes."

This notice conversation, simple as it is, illustrates the situation of the negro more clearly than the most profound treatise we have upon this subject. Yes, the negro has been terribly "chawed" in the late conflict between the North and the South, the extent of which no one has any knowledge; but his present condition, under the fostering care of the unfeeling Freedmen's Bureau, is decidedly worse. Sic transit negro filia mundi!

JOSH BILLINGS.—If a man wants to get fit at his actual dimensions let him visit a grave yard.

If a man wants to be an old bachelor, and get sick at a boarding house, and have a red haired chambermaid bring him water gruel, let him in a tin wash basin, I have a perfect rit to do it.

Owing to the high price and scarcity of coal, in New York City, many of the first families are using *arty fishal* candles. They say it helps to finish a leg of mutton fast rate.

When a man loses his health then he first begins to take good care of it. This is good judgment; this is it! It is getting so now-a-days if a man can't cheat some he ain't happy.

A WAR ON WOMAN.—During the war, the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity in the Border States ministered to the comfort of Confederate and Union soldiers alike—whether in hospital or camp. Their Christian education and training prohibited them from making any distinction. Now the radicals out in Missouri have placed under arrest some of these Sisters for not taking an oath substantially affirming that they have never given aid and comfort to an enemy in other words, that they never gave a cup of cold water to a dying Southern soldier; that they never cooled his fevered brow, never wrote a letter for him to a friend or relative far away; never said a prayer for him on his dying bed—never, in short, did any act of Christian kindness to a fellow mortal in extreme distress. Of course, the nuns spurned that oath, and have given bonds to appear and answer at the next Circuit Court of Cape Girardeau. As the radicals seem to have pretty much the control of judges and jury all, in unhappy Missouri, it would not be at all surprising if the sisters should be found guilty, and dealt with accordingly. As Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist and Presbyterian Ministers have been sent to jail, why should Sisters of Charity escape?

A LESSON FOR DAN.—An old gentleman farmer, who had two or three very pretty daughters, was so very anxious of his daughters that he would permit them to keep the company of young men, however they adopted the following expedient to enjoy the society of their lovers, without the knowledge of their father. After the old man had retired to rest, the girls would hang a sheet over the window, which was quite a distance from the ground and the beam would seize hold of it, and with the assistance of his lady love, they would hang the sheet over the window, and thus escape the old man's gaze. But it so happened that one evening the girls hung out the sheet rather early for the old gentleman, by some ill wind was blown around the corner, and spying the bed covering, could not conjecture the meaning of its being there. He took hold and endeavored to pull it down. The girls, supposing it to be one of their beaux, began to hoist, and did not discover their mistake until the head of the old man was visible with the window sill, when one of them exclaimed, "Oh! Lord, it's dad!" and letting go their hold, saw the old man on the head stones, and getting below, discovered one of his shoulders which convinced him that his efforts to make old maids of his daughters was not a matter so easily accomplished, and withdrawing all opposition to their keeping company, he was soon a father-in-law.

Who celebrated cruiser, Sumter, which was so long the dread of the American navy, has arrived at Hall. She is about to trade from Hall to the continent, after undergoing certain alterations to fit her for the conveyance of cattle.

ABOUT ADVERTISING.—There are now and then business men to be found in every community who do not or will not recognize the benefits to be derived from liberal advertising. They remind us of the boy in Groton, Conn., who was sent one morning last summer by his employer to New London with a bag of green corn to dispose of. The boy was gone all day, and at night returned with the bag unopened, which he dumped on the floor, saying, "There's your green corn; go and sell it yourself—I can't."

"Why," said the grocer, "haven't you sold any?" "Sold any, no," said the boy, "I've been all over New London with it, and nobody said anything about green corn. Two or three fellows asked me what I'd got in my bag, and I told them 'twas none of their business.'"

Those men who keep their "bag," and will not take pains to inform the public what they have to sell, are about as sagacious as the boy referred to.—*Medford Journal.*

SALTING DOWN CUCUMBERS FOR PICKLES.—Leave half an inch of stem on cucumbers—wash them in cold water—immediately pack with salt in alternate layers, salt next to wood—one barrel of salt to five of cucumbers. Fill the barrel full, putting salt on top—put a wide board so as just to fit inside of the barrel—bore half a dozen half inch holes through—place it on pickles with a stone on, which should weigh at least twenty-five pounds, so as to keep the pickles always in brine. Take off the scum which rises to the surface. Keep the barrels in the shade, and in four weeks take off the stone and fill to the top, as they will settle some. Put more salt on, then head them up, and they are ready for market. It is best to have two sizes of pickles.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE AUTHOR OF THE "HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS."—The papers are announcing the death of a young Cincinnati—a poet and an artist—to whom is attributed the authorship of the "Harp of a Thousand Strings." We have reason to know he was not the author of that famous burlesque. The poem was never actually delivered, of course, but something similar to it was heard by a young lawyer of Woodville, Mississippi, who repeated it in a conversation with a Methodist minister, who then resided at Clinton, in this State, and now resides in the parish of Morehouse. He had no idea of its getting into print; but the clerical gentleman, who is a great humorist—a man of fine sense, of unexceptionable character, and than whom no one is more respected by those who know him—wrote it out, making some additions to it, and it was shown among friends until finally it got into print. Once started, it went the rounds. Probably no production was ever so extensively published by the press of the United States. Many imitations of it appeared, and the Cincinnati may have been the author of one of them—but none equalled the original in absurdity and rich humor. The author has written many other humorous things, most of which have never got into print, for he is not ambitious of that sort of fame. But, we repeat, that he is a preacher of the Methodist church, now residing in Morehouse, a Christian gentleman, and a man of a high order of intellect.

THE ARMY WORM IN LOUISIANA.—The Baton Rouge Advocate of the 20th, says:

So far we can learn of but few plantations that are not more or less infested by this destructive worm. The prospect for saving the late planted cotton is dim, and the old cotton cannot escape without injury. From letters from Rapides we learn that the worm is making its approaches on Red River. Our readers will understand the basis of the apprehensions of the planting community, by recollecting that for every worm that makes its appearance in the middle of August, a myriad may reasonably be expected in the same field three weeks later.

PLAYING FOR A MAN'S HEAD.—During "The Terror" few came to play at the Cafe de la Regence. People had not the heart, and it was not pleasant to see through the panes the cars bearing the condemned through the Rue St. Honore to execution. Robespierre often took a seat, but few had any wish to play with him, such terror did the insignificant little man strike into every one's heart. One day a very handsome young man sat opposite to him, and made a move as a signal for a game; Robespierre responded, and the stranger won. A second game was played, and then Robespierre asked what was the stake? "The head of a young man," was the answer, "who would be executed to-morrow. Here is the order for his release waiting only your signature, and be quick—the executioner will give no delay." It was the young Count B. that was thus saved. The paper was signed, and then the great man asked, "But who are you citizen?" "Say citizenship, Monsieur; I am the Count's betrothed. Thanks and adieu!"—"The Streets of Paris and their Traditions," in the Dublin University Magazine.

SPREADING MANURE IN THE FALL.—Mr. Lyman Balcom, of Steuben County, N. Y., and old experienced farmer, writes the Genesee Farmer that he thinks one load of manure, hauled out and spread at any time between the 20th of September and winter, is worth more than two loads applied at any other season.

The love of the beautiful and true, like the dew-drop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of the soul.

The public libraries of the United States comprise more than 5,000,000 volumes.

There are now published in Great Britain 1257 newspapers, distributed as follows: England—London, 226; provincial, 707; total, 933; Wales, 43; Scotland, 130; Ireland, 125; British Isles, 14. Of these there are 52 daily papers published in England, 1 in Wales, 13 in Scotland, 12 in Ireland, and 1 in the British Isles. In 1856 there were published in the United Kingdom 751 journals; of these 33 papers were issued daily, viz: 15 in London, 1 in Birmingham, 3 in Liverpool, 3 in Manchester, 3 in Edinburgh, 4 in Glasgow, and 6 in Ireland; but in 1866 there are now established and circulated 1257 papers, of which no less than 78 are issued daily, showing that the press of the country has very greatly extended during the last ten years, and more especially so in daily papers—the daily issues standing 78 against 35 in 1856. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 537, of which 106 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and other Christian communities.

HOW TO BE UNHAPPY.—In the first place, if you want to be miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself and of your own things. Do not care about anybody else. Have no feeling for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous, lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off in any respect than yourself; think unkindly towards them and speak ill of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and if any one comes near your things, snap at him like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a dime; for your "rights" are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness, in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends, lest they should not think enough of you. And if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct you can.

ENGLISH AGAINST AMERICAN CLAIMS.—A New York correspondent of the New York Express, says that Mr. Seward is preparing to make another formal demand upon the British Government for restitution for the damage inflicted upon the property of the American citizens by the Confederate privateers. England has of late been putting in such enormous claims against the United States for losses of English subjects in the South by Federal seizures of property during the war, that the accounts to be rendered by either Government will very nearly offset the other's indebtedness. Sharp Yankee trick.

CABBAGE WORMS.—John Farrar, one of the most practical farmers in the State, says these destructive insects may be destroyed in the following easy and simple way: Break off a large leaf from the bottom of the cabbage, and place it on the top upper side down. Do this in the afternoon and in the morning you will find near or quite all the worms on each cabbage have taken up their quarters on this leaf. Take off the leaf and kill them, or feed them to the chickens, and place the leaf back if there are any more to catch.

A MARRYING MAN.—Rev. Jesse Lambeth, the popular Ordinary of this County, has probably married more couples than any man of his age in the United States. It is now thirty-five years since he commenced performing the ceremony as a justice of the peace, and since then has joined in the holy bonds of wedlock 1,626 couples! He has performed this ceremony as justice of the peace, and mostly as minister of the gospel. In many instances he has married the parents and their children, and in several cases he has married the same individuals twice, their first consort having died; and has married over forty couples in his office room as his dwelling in this city.—*Rome (Ga.) Courier.*

A WOMAN BRANDED.—Europe has often wept over the imaginary woes of Southern slaves; to all such we commend this true tale of Parisian life. In the biography of Victor Hugo we find the following:

At Paris, in 1818, on a summer's day, towards twelve o'clock at noon, I was passing by the square of the Palais de Justice. A crowd was assembled there around a post. I drew near. To the post was tied a young female, with a collar round her neck, and a writing over her head. A clanking dish of burning coals, was on the ground, before her; an iron instrument, with a wooden handle, was placed in the live embers, and was being heated there. The crowd looked perfectly satisfied. The woman was guilty of what the law called domestic theft. As the clock struck noon, behind that woman, and without being seen by her, a man stepped up to the post. I had noticed that the jacket worn by this woman had an opening behind, kept together by strings; the man quietly untied these, drew aside the jacket, exposed the woman's back, as far as the waist, seized the iron, which was in the clanking dish, and applied it, leaning heavily on the bare shoulder. Both the iron and the wrist of the executioner disappeared. This is now more than forty years ago, but there still lingers in my ears the horrible shriek of this wretched creature. To me, she had been a thief, but was now a martyr. I was then sixteen years of age, and I left the place determined to combat to the last days of my life these cruel deeds of the law.

FRANCE DISSATISFIED.—Under the title of "The Conditions of a Durable Peace," the *Opinion Nationale* of Paris, of August 7, commences a long editorial thus:

"The belligerent powers have signed the preliminaries of peace. In a few weeks, probably, peace itself will be signed. Mankind and those interested will rejoice; on this point all the world agrees."

Yet there are those who do not believe that this peace will endure, and here are their reasons:

Austria is very much humiliated, and will take her revenge. Italy has not satisfied her military honor, and will seek an occasion signally to assert it. Prussia has been very successful, and will desire to absorb the rest of Germany. France is dissatisfied. The treaties of 1815 are destroyed, but not by her and not to her benefit; she receives no compensation for the aggrandizement of Prussia. The map of Europe is changing, but there is no change for her.

There is truth in all these considerations, and it is apparent that if the belligerent powers and the mediating power would make their work durable they must to a certain extent take them into account. * * * France must be satisfied. That is the surest guarantee to European peace. * * * Read the Russian journals and you will find that the question of Poland is not dead. Russia, having already absorbed Lithuania and the Kingdom of Poland, now demands, through her most accredited publicist, Posen from Prussia and Galicia from Austria. This is a grave question that arises between the Slavonians and the Germans. Prussia denies the right of the Germans to hold Slavonian Territory.

CIVIL WAR BEGUN IN INDIANA.—A special to the New York Herald, from Indianapolis, on Wednesday, says:

A state of affairs bordering on civil war exists in the neighboring County of Hendricks. At Danville, last Saturday, the radicals attempted to break up a Democratic meeting, and a riot occurred, in which stones, clubs, pistols, guns and knives were used. Several men were wounded, some of whom are said to have died.

Rumors are in circulation that a force was organizing in other portions of Hendricks and from the Eastern part of this County, to march on Danville and put that place in a state of siege. The roads are said to be picketed and citizens arming for defence.

On Sunday night, in the little town of Amos, Hendricks County, a mob of about 100 radicals, headed by an old man named Edwards, surrounded the house of Victor Proussell, the only Democrat in the place. The only objection to him is that he supported President Johnson, and is the only national man in the place, and it is feared by the radicals that he will be appointed postmaster.

BRUTAL MURDER IN BOSTON.—A letter from Faneuil, September 1, gives us the particulars of a foul and brutal murder committed at Clover Dale Mills, in Boston. It appears that young J. W. Bates, formerly chief clerk at General Lee's headquarters, was clerking for a man named Campert, who keeps stores at the mills. Last Thursday Bates accompanied his employer, and was asked to take a walk with him. Bates replied that he would not go with a man named George Langhorn, who lived near there. Langhorn hearing of what Bates said, went to Campert's store, where he found Bates alone, pulled him off the counter and kicked him senseless. Bates expired in thirty minutes. There were five full grown men who witnessed the murder, and did not interfere for fear of the bully Langhorn. He is in jail to await trial.

Bates was an inoffensive man, and many who came in contact with him at headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia can testify to the same.—*Valley Virginian.*

SINGULAR LEGAL OPINION.—A Memphis lawyer relates, if we may rely upon the statement of the Memphis Bulletin, that while in Carroll County last week, he had attended the preliminary trial of a man before a country magistrate, charged with stealing corn from a neighbor's crib. The evidence went to show that the defendant had been found with his hand in an aperture in the crib, safely fastened in a steel trap, which the owner of the crib had set for the purpose of catching the thief who had been preying upon his grain. It was also in evidence that two empty corn sacks were found lying at the feet of the entrapped individual. The decision of the magistrate was that there was no proof that the prisoner had stolen any corn, and as to being caught in a steel trap, any gentleman had a perfect right to stick his hand in one if he felt inclined to do so.

A YANKEE GENERAL BEATEN BY A NEGRO.—A correspondent of the Metropolitan Record, writing from Lake Providence, La., says:

In Iaquena county, Miss., General Andrews, of Massachusetts, has been endeavoring to run a plantation. A few days since one of the descendants of Ham, in the employ of General Andrews, was exercising his family prerogative by administering, according to the law and customs of old puritan Massachusetts, a severe lesson of corporal punishment upon one of his own children. The General, coming along, ordered him to desist, which Sambo refused to do, asserting at once the privilege guaranteed by an Civil Rights Bill. Hereupon the General undertook to coerce the arrogant darkey, who on the other hand, couldn't see it. A skirmish ensued, and alas, our gallant General was most wofully used up, retreating in a demoralized condition, dismayed and disgusted with free niggers, Southern plantations and all. He told some of the members that he had expended thirty-thousand dollars in starting the cotton planting adventure, but would give it up. He said he had fought four years to make the nigger free, and was now willing to fight the remainder of his life time to put them back into slavery again.

GENERAL GUSTAVUS W. SMITH.—In a letter from Chattanooga to the editor of the Memphis Avalanche, General Smith denies that he wrote the criticism of the Dalton campaign recently published, and says:

"But, since my name has been publicly connected with it, I feel not only at liberty, but constrained to say that, in my judgment, the character of the character provoked by, and almost certain to spring from, publications of this sort, are at present ill-timed."

BOLD ROBBERY.—The store of Messrs. Jerome P. Chase & Co., was entered on Monday night about 9 o'clock, by a freedman named William, formerly belonging to Gen. Nettles. The inmates of the store were absent for a short time, and the negro, seeing the lights dimly burning, removed a pane of glass, entered, took the money drawer, carried it off and robbed it of all monies. Amongst the money taken there were several pieces that could be identified. A description of each of these was furnished nearly every merchant in town. Scarcely had this trap been set before the thief was into it. Of course he felt like buying, and early in the day, on Tuesday, tendered Messrs. Allen & Douglass one of the pieces most easily detected. This led to his immediate apprehension; the most gratifying feature in which was, that he was arrested by Major Smith, a Northern gentleman, planting in the vicinity, and taken in custody by a number of respectable freedmen, who seemed dignified that the burglar should have brought suspicion upon their class. Most of the money was recovered. The offender was punished by order of a jury of brother freedmen, who administered twenty-five lashes and banished him from the town.—*Florence Gazette.*

Sidney B. Morse, of New York, has just patented a curious philosophical instrument, which is called a bathometer. You throw it overboard, with its appendages in the ocean, where water is miles deep. It goes down like a shot, and as soon as it touches the bottom it turns and comes back to the surface. You pick it up and the true depth of the water where it struck the bottom is seen on the scale of the barometer, just as you see the degree of heat on the scale of a thermometer.

A special dispatch to the Tribune from Arkansas says that "last week four Union men accepted a challenge from four late Rebels to fight a duel with rifles, distance one hundred yards. All being sharpshooters, each ball took effect, three being killed outright, and the other five more or less wounded."

CONSUMPTION.—When may a loaf of bread be said to be inhabited? When it has a little Indian in it.

Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest ever erected? Because it was built for one sovereign and finished for another.

What is the difference between a summer voice in winter and an extracted tooth? One is too thin and the other is too hot.

What is the difference between a tunnel and a speaking trumpet? One is hollowed out and the other is hollowed in.

Why is sailing a ship's canvass like a mock auction? Because it's a taking in sale (sail).

Why are the arrows of Cupid like a man in an ague fit? Because they are all in a quiver.

What kind of leather would a naked Moor remind you of? Undressed Morocco.

What thing is that which the more we cut the longer it becomes? A ditch.

What are the features of a cannon? Cannon mouth, cannon-ice and cannon ears.

What is the only pain that we make light of? A window-pane.

Why are balloons in the air like vagrants? Because they have no visible means of support.

Why are base ball clubs a benefit to the community in hot weather? Because they have fly catches (bats).—*Pratt.*

Sambo, am you posted in the natural sciences? "Sartingly—oh course I is." "Don you can tell me the cause of de great rot in potatoes for de las' many years gone by?" "Oh, dat's easy 'nough for de mostest chile in scientific larnin'." "De great rot in potatoes is all owing to de rot tater-y motion ob de earth."

GEN. BUTLER.—The *La Crosse Democrat* throws the following large-sized brick at the hero of Big Bethel:

Ben. Butler the National Spoiler and silver Ware Thief, will be in Milwaukee this week, on a tour of inspection connected with the Soldiers' National Asylum. Ben. will doubtless bring along his Italian eyes and purloining disposition, for which reason children of tender years should be kept within doors and valuable portable property locked up.

Several bodies of Confederate soldiers, killed in the Valley, passed through Staunton last week. It was touching to notice that every coffin had a wreath of flowers on it, the tribute of the fair and gentle women of the Valley to the brave and honored dead.—*Valley Vindicator.*